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ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG.

HULWES BRUIHERS,

My neighbor's ugly dog and 1 flave reached the point where one must dieBut which of ur has got to go
Another week of war will show. With mutual hard most intense
We've fought, divided by a fence,
For months with all the awful skill
When I unconscious, pass his gate
The brute, who for me lies in wait
As quiet as a hen one oggs,
Springs at my unprotected legs
With such a roar of rage that I
Across the road in terror fly,
And don't recover from the shock
in time to hit him with a rock.
An inght he whines and barks and growls
And makes me hear his hideous howls
Flid. Well-nigh crazy, I hombard
The demon till my neighbor's yard
(a heaped with tumbiers, books and shoes
And things I can't afford to lose.
Flee, when my ammunition's thrown
And I my helplesaness have shown,
The cur, to make me more forlorn,
Yelps twice as loud until the morn.
Yelps twice

Right through my choicest flower bed He ruins with his bearish tread. I have, with smiles and coaxing sweet, Fossed him a nicely-poisoned treat Which he, with most unfriendly growls Has left to kill my fancy fowls. transient to kill my rancy towns.

I've quarreled with my neighbor, too,
Fill bloodshed, may be, will ensue,
Secause he keeps the snarling pest
That robs the neighborhood of rest
And gives the tota and women bites with hydrophobia's awful frights.

My neighbor's useless dog and I
Have reached the point where one must die,
Another week of war will show
That he—not I—I hope will go.
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

LOU'S MIRACLE.

It is One That Might Easily Be

"He's the most mischievous boy ever saw," cried Aunt Euphemia. "And the most troublesome," said Aunt Marcia.

"And the noisiest," sighed grand-"And the most destructive." groaned Lou, clearing away the debris of the

accident. The handsome majolica vase which had been her uncle's Christmas gift lay in fragments upon the floor, its trailing vines, fragrant neliotrope and waxen begonias hopeessly ruined. Lou loved her flowers extravagantly, putting into their cultre all that artistic power which most girls expend on drawing, painting or embroidery; and the tears filled her eyes as she gathered up the dissevered fragments.

"I didn't mean to," Lynn growled rying to insinuate the toe of his boot into a thin place in the carpet.

"No, you never mean to," said Aunt Euphemia, severely, "and yet you keep this house in commotion from morning till night. I suppose you don't mean o make a hole in that carpet, either, but I may as well get my darning-needle and yarn ready. Why can't you behave like other boys, Lynn?"

like to know? It's 'don't touch this' and 'don't meddle with that' from to fish or row; I can't have a gun for fear I'll hurt some one; there aint no boys to play with, and I'm just sick and tired of books. I 'most wish I was dead!" and a suspicious tremble of the voice closed the sentence.

Lou, looking up suddenly, saw the merry black eyes growing dim and misty, and relented.

"But since you're still alive," she laughed, "you may as well help clear away this rubbish. Put these stems in that pan of sand. I can use them when they have rooted. After we are through with this I'll play a game of

croquet with you."
"It is too bad," she added to herself, as Lynn set to work with ardor and dispatch; "cousin ought to have something to do. Uncle is too busy at the shop to look after him, and neither of our aunties or grandmother have any patience with children. I must set my wits to work to find something to keep him busy;" and she remembered with keen self-reproach how little she had done in the long months since Uncle Fred and Lynn had become members of the family to make life more tolerable for either of the sad hearts bur-

dened with sorrow for the loss of wife and mother. Five minutes later they were out on he croquet ground. The game proressed rapidly, and soon, with a skillful stroke, Lou sent her adversary's ball spinning away beyond the boundaries and her own to the stake. Lynn ran after his elusive property, which he disinterred from a heap of rubbish, and came back muttering crossly to himself, as he brushed the dust from his clothes: "What a mess of stuff!"

The croquet ground was on the west side of the house, which faced the north. The corner to the southwest formed by the fences encircling the garden and adjacent field was the receptacle for all the household debris, nd was now full to overflowing. As Lou's eyes followed the boy in his search, a play she had learned at

school returned to her. "Turn your back," she said, author tatively as her cousin reached her side, and as he instinctively obeyed she imitated his example.

"Now, when I say 'ready,' turn quickly as possible and back to place. and let us see in that brief glance which one can see and name the most articles in that heap of rubbish."

Lynn was back in his place in a mo-"You begin," he said, breath-"A pile of brush, two barrels, a stump of a tree, a broken kettle—" Lou paused and Lynn screamed with

"You're a bright one," he cried. Now just hear me. A broken pitcher. some poles, peach cans, tomato cans, oyster cans, plaster, an old rake, two rusty pans, some bricks and stones,

poards, an old straw hat -" "Oh, it isn't fair!" interrupted Lou "You've been all over it after your ball. But you are observant, Lynn. Who would ever think so many things could be collected in so small a space? and what a pity it is to spoil the nicest corner of the yard in that way! O

such a plot of ground as this would go to waste among that thrifty people? Lynn, let us have a garden. I'll ask Aunt Euphemia's consent," and she was off like a flash.

Permission was readily given, though Aunt Marcia did suggest that Lou would look better working away at the crochet she detested than making a tomboy of herself out-of-doors. "A girl sixteen years old," she began, but Lou saw consent in Aunt Euphemia's eyes and rushed off before further remonstrance was prepared.

How they worked for the next hour! The brush was carried to a bare place in the garden, where it could be burned. Some twisted poles selected from the rest were cut by Lou's orders into four-feet lengths and laid away. The barrels were rolled to one side, the cans and cracked kettle put by themselves with the rusty pans and a leaky th pail which they found stowed under the rubbish. The great stump was immovable. "But it's just as well," said Lou, consolingly, "for I think we can make it ornamental." Then the two went to work with their garden rakes till every stick, stone and straw was removed, and a clean, grassy plot of ground rewarded their exertions.

Lou looked over the field of operations with exultant eyes. "Do you think you can saw these barrels in two?" she asked, a little anxiously. There was a tired look on Lynn's face; the May day was soft and warm, and the unusual exercise told on his relaxed muscles. Lou was quick to read the signs of rebelion. "I mustn't discourage him at first," she thought, "and really I care more about amusing him than I do about the work. I think we've done enough for one day," she said, hanging up her rake, "but I must have some paint. Will you go to the shop for me, Lynn, and get ten cents' worth of red lead? We have oil, varnish and brushes here;" and when the boy asked, curiously: "What are you going to do with it?" she smiled, provokingly, and answered: "You will

The next morning she took him to the wood-shed, where lay the cans whose tops she had neatly removed at the kitchen fire during his absence. On the work-bench stood the pail of red paint which she had prepared, and she patiently taught him to paint the cans neatly and smoothly. It was like a new play; and Lynn became so interested that it was with difficulty she restrained him from ornamenting the wood-shed ceiling and the barn and fences when his task was done. gave him permission to bring in the cracked kettle, the pail and pans and exhaust his ingenuity upon them; and as, when this was done, he still longed like Alexander for more worlds to conquer, she sent him to transplant some bitter-sweet vines on the orchard borders, and set them along the fences which bounded two sides of their garden, intermixing them with a wild grape-vine and Virginia creeper from the woods.

see to-morrow.'

Two busy weeks followed. Lynn became so enthusiastic over his work that he fairly grudged the hours which his father insisted upon his devoting to his other duties; while the boy in "What's a fellow going to do, I'd turn stoutly insisted that his father should not go near the scene of his labors till permission was given him-a week's end to week's end. There's no command easily obeyed, as Mr. But- for early gardening. At least this is ler's business kept him busily engaged early morning till twilight. has been perfectly rotten.—Cor. Rural Lynn was growing quiet, industrious and less aggressive. His aunts and grandmother looked on approvingly as he bent over old magazines, volumes of landscape gardening and other miscellanies, searching for plans and ideas. There were deep consultations and mysterious whisperings. days of fruitless toil, nights of discour-

agement, and, at last, triumph! One afternoon, in the early June. Mr. Butler, who had given himself a half holiday, was invited to accompany his mother and sisters to a teadrinking to be held in the-

if this isn't an addition to the Butler gates of the Fatherland. plantation, then I'd like to know what

The guests stopped on the borders of the enchanted land in surprise. Where once had lain a pile of refuse, giving birth and sustenance through previous summers to a colony of giant weeds, was a wide stretching space of velvety along the fences were putting forth thrifty lilac intermingled its purple plumes with the fragrant gold of a late flowering current. The despised barrels had become by judicious management four rustic tubs; the two standums, verbenas and chrysanthemums, which promised later bloom, while those perched aloft on the twisted sticks which Lynn had driven solidly into the ground held masses of trailing vines selected from Lou's abundant stores, which billowed up in feathery green and draped their rough supports with verdure. The old kettle, shining bravely in its coat of red, was suspended from three twisted sticks adorned with viney beauty as grateful to the eye as to the most appetizing compound concocted at any real gypsy camp-fire to the hungry stomach. A rustic flower-stand supported the cans at the summit a small oleander tree with rosy blossoms gave dignity and character to the rejected tin pail. The bricks and stones piled artistically around a mound of earth supported several thrifty varieties of sedum, indriven upright in the earth, was trellised with cords intended as a support for the sweet peas and morning glories lifting their heads bravely from the

But the crowning glory of all was the old stump, which had become the thing of beauty Lou had prophesied. Its decayed heart had been hollowed out, filled with earth and set with crimson coleus, golden feverfew, snowy daisies and great clusters of crimson geraniums. The graceful Kenliworth lvy draped its sides, and wood violets, blue and white, filled the interstices between its branching roots. After a lingering survey of these beauties, and Lynn," she interrupted herself, "I've the rustic seat Lynn had constructed

hemia, looking down into the bright. happy face of the boy at her side and comparing it with the gloomy, discon-solate countenance which had greeted her through the winter months, added

"Two of 'em, I should say!"—Sarah D. Hobart, in the Housewife.

TREATMENT OF MANURE.

Thorough Saturating with Water Will Keep It from Burning. The ground where it is intended to The ground where it is intended to plie the manure should be nearly level (for although it takes a deal of water to keep horse manure from burning, it should not be placed in a hole or depression where water can collect); make the piles about nine feet or more wide and as long as the manure will go or the room pagent. Build the refund the purchase price, if satisfactory will go or the room permit. Build the pile as nearly straight upon the sides as you can, and every layer of one foot or less must receive a thorough sprinkling with water and be tramped as in building a hot-bed. After the pile is as high as desired and heat rises, the tramping must be repeated for a few days until the pile appears 'solid. There it is to be left undisturbed till wanted. If a good rain strikes it, so much the better, as the manure will absorb all that falls on top of it if the pile is fast. It should be an expectation as the manure will assorb all that falls on top of it if the pile is fast. It should be an expectation as the manure will assorb all that falls on top of it if the pile is fast. It should be an expectation as the manure will assorb all that falls on top of it if the pile is fast. It should be an expectation as the manure will as the pile is fast. It should be an expectation as the manure will assorb all that falls on top of it is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by P. J. Monaghan, drugas high as desired and heat rises, the if the pile is flat. It should be ar- gists. ranged conveniently for getting the water there. Putting barrels on the water there. Putting barrels on the wagon and throwing the water over the pile with a pail, did not prove satisfactory to me, as the work will meglect small things. The first signs of often be neglected until one or more days' haulings have accumulated; then the water will not soak through and the lower part will free form and spoil.

Beebe. the lower part will fire-fang and spoil. The better way is, if a well is not by the manure already, to have one dug for strawberries that I can find. As to swine, I think they are entirely out of

place on a large pile of heating horse manure; they like to lie on it, but they generally take cold from it, and it is the worst place for them to lie down. Rooting it over and exposing it to the air is of no benefit to the manure. Where small quantities of manure are thrown out daily or weekly, cattle tramping and lying down or it will preserve it in the best manner. I compost nearly all the manure I use and do not spread or pile any on land that I want to plow early in spring. until the ground is dry enough to plow; then having the manure at hand and in good condition, a man can spread half an acre and plow it the same day. If the manure is spread in winter, it may be better for the land, but it keeps the latter wet or heavy too long in spring and renders it unfit

BISMARCK OF TO-DAY.

the case with my soil unless the

New Yorker.

His Personal Appearance and His Ability as an Orator.

Bismarck has grown old during the last few years, his mustache is white as snow, and his walk less erect than in former years, but the power of his face and the might of his eyes live still the same as they did ten years ago. When he sits down it is as if he was on guard, his sword laid across his knees, as formerly old Hagen used to "Addition!" prompted Lynn, as Lou sit, and though he is no Hagen in hesitated for a name. "That's the guilt and wickedness, he is a Hagen in way it is in the papers always, 'Sim-mon's addition!' 'Jone's addition!' and wrath. And he is on guard at the

Bismarck, as every body knows, is not an orator—I nearly said, thank God, he is no orator. His speech has been likened to a forest stream which rumbles over stones and roots. The comparison is somewhat poor. I think I know a better, though a rather technical one-namely, his speech is grass, freed from every intrusive plant-ain, burdock or nettle. The vines drop of quicksilver containing some lead or zine, put it on a pane of glass tender leaves; at their intersection a and hold it slantingly. The drop swells and rolls, but presently it stops, becomes thinner and lenger, remains immovable for a moment, gathers new strength to flow, becomes thin once again, and so forth. Thus it is with ing upon the ground filled with gerani- the Chancelor's words; first half a sentence comes out, then he hesitates stops, or utters a short inarticulate sound, and goes on again. It is evident that to speak is a physical exertion, but even when he is in first-rate form he does not talk fluently.

But on closer observation the reappears very soon. The form of his peech is improvised on the spur of the moment, but, unlike many fluent speakers, he does not use the first expression which may come to his mind, but while he is uttering the first half of a sentence he is thinking how to shape the second half in order to express exactly what he wishes to say. Lynn had so lavishly decorated, each If he makes a joke or a slight observafilled with some bloeming plant, while tion he speaks quickly and without hesitation, but as soon as he returns to the serious treatment of a political subject this painfully-accurate expression, the result of mental work, becomes again apparent, which shows that he endeavors not to say a syllable which terspersed with the snowy sprays of he can not reconcile with his responsed alyssum; and the old rake, sible position. This is the reason why sible position. This is the reason why his speeches concerning foreign polities, read like official diplomatic documents, every word is carefully con-

The boy looked up roguishly, a saucy answer on the tip of his tongue.

"No, it isn't lonesome! There are plenty more of them, you will find. But, seriously, do you remember that article on Japanese homes which I "You've worked a miracle, Lou!" he licentenant is detestable). But put in with much care and weariness of mind and body. Mr. Butler had but a fleet-sound extremely soft and flattering, and I should not be surprised if in former years, when he was Ambassoft, seriously, do you remember that article on Japanese homes which I "You've worked a miracle, Lou!" he

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as Consumption.

for the purpose with a good force pump in it. A tank or a lot of oil barrels should be prepared for the water and stand a little higher than the pile is going to be, and there should be a rubber hose of sufficient length with spraying nozzle attached to it. Do not think this was sometime a paradox, as Hamlet says. Since, however, the people of America and other lands have been enabled to pit Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against that unseen foe, malaria, it is no longer a paradox, but an easy possibility. Wherever malaria evolves its misty venom to polson the air, and decaying unwholesome vegetation impregnates the water, there, in the very stronghold of missible antall too much expense or This was sometime a paradox, as Hamwill entail too much expense or labor, for if the manure is worth hauling it is containly worth preserving. ing it is certainly worth preserving, ague and ague cake, no matter how tena-and the more carefully and thoroughly clously they have fastened their clutch on this is done the better satisfaction will be given. There is a difference between heating and fire-fanging. I want manure to heat to a considerable extent in order to destroy grass seeds tent in order to destroy grass seeds contained in it and to heaten decomposition. contained in it, and to hasten decomposition. Horse manure treated as above is the best covering and mulch kidney and billious ailments.

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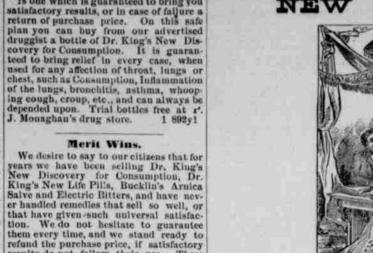
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and not very powerful. It has been called a thin voice, but this only exses one of its qualities. Another is that it is so remarkably young that one would think it almost incredible for a man of his age to possess such a voice. If one does not see him while he is speaking it is difficult to believe that it is not a young Lieutenant of twenty-eight who is speaking (which, by the way, is rather a pity, since the snarl and the drawl of the German

Take it in Time.

Promptness.

er's English Remedy for consumption the moment I began to cough, and I believe it saved my life. Walter N. Wallace, Washington. Sold by H. Beebe.

